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NBHD
EMMONS

CHARLES CARROLL, OF CARROLLTON.

DEFENCE

OF

BALTIMORE,

AND

DEATH OF GENERAL ROSS.

BY RICHARD EMMONS, M. D.

FREDONIAD.—CANTO XXXIX.—THIRD EDITION.

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1831.

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RICHARD EMMONS.

WASHINGTON CITY, *Nov.* 1, 1861.

CARROLL OF CARROLLTON.

AN IMPROMPTU.

On hearing of his being attacked with dangerous illness—
Great Crossing, Ky. September 6th, 1827.

He is the last—the *last* of those
Who set their names to Freedom's Seal—
Who from pride's summit hurl'd their foes,
And made the stubborn monarch kneel.

Spare him, ye Powers! our guide, our chart—
A nation clasps him to her breast;
His life is precious to the heart—
Bid health return and make us bless'd!

He is the last—the *only* one!
O! how resign him to the grave!
Fled from our arms, hath Jefferson—
Him for his anxious country save!

A few brief days are all we ask,
(If such with Heaven is the decree,)
O! may he yield his earthly task
Upon the nation's Jubilee!

Then will our grief but reach the soul,
To make it soft as bliss in tears—
The *day*, our sorrows will control,
To hail him as he mounts the spheres!

The last is he!—he is the *last!*
Say not his sands of life are run—
His virtues, his example, past,
Carroll the sage of Carrollton!

ARGUMENT.

Cochrane arrives at the mouth of the Patapsco. Stricker gives battle to the invaders. An episode. Defence of Fort Mac Henry. The British defeated.

The scene is generally below Baltimore, and at Fort Mac Henry. The time is five days.

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DEFENCE

OF

BALTIMORE.

WHILE these events were passing, Cochrane set
His compass from Bermuda with his fleet,
Whitening the waves; his floating bulwarks stow'd
With arms—to bend the land to servitude;
Ross in command—Brooks, Rainey, Thornton plac'd,
With potent names that never were disgrac'd,
When sanguine war and pallid death embrac'd.
Soon their deep keels oppress the Chesapeake,
Intent the wealth of Baltimore to seek;
And then apply the torch with recklessness, 10
And all the temples of the arts deface.
Such hate of freedom rankled in their breast,
Their hearts were ripe its progress to arrest—
E'en to effect it should their hands be stain'd
With damning crimes that hell itself profan'd.
Their anchors they at the Patapsco lock'd
As by the waves the evening clouds were mock'd.

Warren accepted of the same fair breeze,
That wafted Cochrane from the tropic seas,
Freighted with Packenham—a countless host 20
To sack Orleans and Vandalize the coast.

While Cockburn rested at his moorings fast,
With bloody banner streaming from his mast,
Waiting for Cochrane from the southern wave
To sink the whole in desolation's grave—
The dark imbrewing storm the City scann'd,
And rose to guard their altars from the brand—
Their mothers, virgins, tender infants, wives—
Blessings for which the fallen world survives.
Along the heights, stretching from north to east, 30
Ramparts they raise th' invasion to arrest;
The only pass that offers to the foe
By land to enter and the town subdue.
The trust to Smith is given, who toils had seen,
Trying the soul—with Washington and Greene.
At Mifflin Fort refulgently he stood,
A bright example to his brotherhood—
Lee, Varnum, Fleury, Russel, Treat and Thayer,
Resolv'd to pour their life's rich fountains there.
Six days involv'd in flaming pestilence, 40
The royals strove t' expel the patriots hence.
At length each vestige of the fortress rent,
Lo! Washington commanded to relent
Their desperate valour—useful now no more,
Except to die and sanctify the shore—
But not till Smith was brûis'd for Freedom's sake—
A glorious theme, some future bard to wake,
Inspir'd of heaven, to sing the lofty praise
Of those who shed their blood in ancient days,
And wrench'd the sceptre from oppression's hand, 50
That strove unhallow'd to enslave the land.

The City him saluted when he rose
To gird his arms the spoilers to oppose.
They gaz'd upon his scars of holy time,
And felt the God of Battles had sublime,
Lengthen'd the number of his years to save
Their dearest all from darkness and the grave.
Stricker hails next, whose locks resemble snow—
Oft had he battled in the days of wo
With Morgan, Howard—others great and good, 60
To whom is due a nation's gratitude.
Those of the city to his voice give ear,
And bow with reverence to his character.
The listed troops and volunteers of Penn,
Are Winder's—while Virginia's sorted men,
Douglas, obey—their free, adopted will,
And Singleton—their high resolve to fill.
Rodgers, whose energies the soul excite,
With stout marines o'erlooks the breasted height,
Waiting assault—his cannon stretch their jaws, 70
Ready with eloquence to plead the cause
Of liberty and violated laws.

The daring Armistead at Mac Henry stands
To guard the channel from the pirate bands;
Than him, more brave, none ever smil'd to hear
The shock of armies roll along the sphere:
Webster and Newcomb, Stewart, Evans, Lane,
Clagget and Bingey, worthy Homer's strain;
Bunbury, Redman, Addison and Clemm,
And Berry, Howland, Pennington—than them, 80
None more deserving ever won the gem

From honour's coronet. Russel adorn'd the bar,
And Nicholson, for justice, shone a star—
Rais'd by their merit to conduct the war.
Prompted by danger, presently they form
Two mounds of small extent to breast the storm;
Twelve guns they place within their bosoms each,
Should British prowlers there attempt a breach
Rear of the town: The City Battery one,
The other bears the name of Covington— 90
A name the soldier ever will revere,
Sprinkling his urn with many a generous tear:
The youthful Webster gives the first support,—
Newcomb commands with mariners the fort—
Seamen by Rodgers and by Barney train'd
To fight like madness till the strife is gain'd.

On Fort Mac Henry and defensives made,
Where aged Smith unsheathes his ancient blade,
The City for security rely
To foil the standards of the enemy; 100
For should th' invaders sweep the lines away,
Futile would Armistead guard the narrow sea;
Or should the fort surrender to the fleet,
Vain with the foe th' intrenchments would compete.

Now when that Cochrane had his canvass roll'd,
And firm his anchors grappled to their hold,
Accompanied with Brooks and Thornton, Ross,
(Their bosoms tinsell'd with a star and cross,)
He to the Marlborough in a yawl repaired
To learn how Cockburn had excursive far'd; 110

And what resistance they might calculate,
Ere Baltimore would yield in captive state,
And plume their names with regal titles great.
  They found the man half devil, at his ease—
He rose to greet his brother of the seas.
When they their questions had to him address'd,
His piracies he vauntingly confess'd:
  "Most royal Cochrane—honourable Ross,
Free from the poisoning bane of vulgar dross!
Of my success 'tis needless to enquire— 120
Behold my vessels laden with desire—
Luxuries to warm the blood with generous fire!
As were the mandates by our sovereign given,
I through the country have a besom driven.
By granting large of booty to my force,
Each hostile arm was shiver'd in our course;
Beckwith deserves distinction equal mine—
I've sent him northward to the Prevost line
T' inform the Governor-chief, we soon shall meet
His strength at Albany with all our fleet. 130
  "But sad at Hampton where we toil'd of late—
(My mind grows sick at what I now relate,)
The sons of Erin nothing could restrain—
I'll pass it o'er—the subject gives me pain!
  "Had Emmett, Rowan, on rebellion bent—
Alas! succeeded in their fell intent,
How all the virtues sighing would have fled!
The warm affections of the bosom dead;—
'Twould been a land where devils would have roam'd,
And hydra passions with tooth-madness foam'd— 140

But England for their peace laborious delves,
And, by her armies, saves them from themselves!"

* * * * *

They paus'd. To hear of violence, depress'd
Was every brow—deep feeling sunk their breast,—
Cochrane afflictive: "Never could you give
A harbour to such crimes: of crimes that live,
The blackest is to this, as noontide light
Compar'd with darkness of the hideous night.
"Though we instructed were to waste the soil,
And make our navy wealthy with the spoil; 150
Yet nothing farther was his high desire,
Except at times to raise a public fire.
"When this proud city we shall *demonstrate*,
Orleans is next that bends beneath our weight;
Warren and Packenham expect us soon—
When that exhausted Baltimore shall swoon.
"To us minute each circumstance declare,
What strength presum'd, against our flag will dare.
Ross the victorious, will the troops debark,
When morning star shall wake the springing lark." 160
Cockburn this answer like indifference said:
"Certain I feel we've nothing here to dread.
To guard the channel stands a recent fort,
Mac Henry nam'd, so faithful spies report.
Ross can advance whenever he shall please,
And reach the city with deliberate ease.
Some hasty volunteers from states around,
With fragile works are station'd on the ground;
But when approaching they shall hear his feet,
They 'll fly before him in a wild retreat." 170

He ended flush'd with smiles. And Cochrane last:
"If such their power they 'll soon resign the cast.
The troops will marshall on the beach at light—
That Ross may gloriously, ere closing night,
Enter the city and our toils requite.
Cockburn, display your wonted energy,
And you the Knight of Baltimore will be,
For you with bomb-ships will th' obstruction* raze,
Then on the town the kindling rockets blaze.
Let each his post unshrinkingly maintain, 180
When doubtful day shall glimmer on the main."
They having thus their *demonstration* plann'd,
Each chief departed to arrange his band
T' invade the shore and scath with fire the land.

When Cockburn anchor'd at the Point† below,
Bird on the scout kept notice of the foe.
Soon as the sails appear'd of Cochrane's fleet,
Back to the lines he dash'd away with heat;
And as the sun was stepping down the west,
He made th' encampment, and to Smith express'd 190
The tidings big with fate—leaders, the first,
Listen with eagerness t' attend their trust:
"Warrior of ancient years! behold I bear
Intelligence demanding all your care!
So vast a sail with Cockburn has combin'd,
It seem'd a labouring burden for the wind
To boom it up the wave. With anchors deep,
They ride the flood that bathes the beetling steep.
The crowded decks with burnish'd armour bright,
Cast back a fearful splendour on the sight." 200

* Mac Henry. † North Point.

The herald ended with expressive look—
At once with energy the veteran spoke:
"We 'll dull their *splendour* with resistance strong—
Yea, let them pour innumerous along—
We ask for their approach in pomp of pride—
They 'll find their safety but on ocean's tide."
He paus'd. And Stricker took the passing word:
"I feel to meet them and unsheathe the sword.
Wait not their coming—never! I 'd propose
Forth to proceed and with their standards close. 210
When morning's harbinger shall greet the skies,
Let me and mine press forward for the prize.
We 'll check their progress if we can no more,
Ere they advance to melt beneath your power."
Smith this rejoinder gave: "Brother in arms!
My pulse throbs joy to see the battle warms
Thine aged veins! Thy sparkling eye looks young—
A warrior's impulse moves upon your tongue.
"Friend of my heart! we verily must prove
The valour of our years—the blight remove, 220
Produc'd by Hull, who, when in youth, you know,
Bore a full tide of death against the foe.
Rumor hath said by reason he was old,
That avarice urg'd him to accept the gold,
Or terror froze his blood—therefore disgrace
Has indirectly darken'd all the race
Of silver-headed Grays—but Rensselear,
King's-Mountain Shelby, venerable Adair,
And Whitley,—murder'd Swift—a hoary train—
In part have wip'd away the odious stain. 230

Us it behooves to drive th' impression hence,
And show we thrill at cannon eloquence.
Howard with scatter'd locks, Mac Colloch brave,
Have girded on their arms the town to save,
Press'd with the weight of seventy years and ten!
They boys inspire to do the deeds of men.
Shall we not more than beat the spoilers hence,
While such in honour stand for our defence?
"Ardent your purpose, Stricker, I approve,
That you, the coming morn, should onward move— 240
Bold at the shore, their first divisions, meet,
And then with caution to the lines retreat."
He ended, pressing his hand. Stricker wheel'd,
And join'd his warriors on the tented field.

The wearied sun now takes himself to rest—
The earth still clad as with embroider'd vest;
Step after step delay'd he travels down
The steep of heaven to kiss the mountain's crown.
Reluctant, lingering, slow he veils his face,
Blushing the western clouds with bridal grace. 250
With tender cast he bends a farewell eye,
Then weeps bright tears of gold and passes down the sky.

At length the orient star makes glad the east,
And the quick drummers their brief visions ceas'd.
Rapid the hammers tremble on the drums,
Drumbling the roll; they rise—the column comes
Glowing with zeal,—ambition as with fire
Burning to check the proud ones or expire:

Thus worn with wan disease a suffering soul,
Chain'd to the dust, fetter'd to earth's control, 260
Struggles for heaven. At length, invisible,
An angel comes and breaks life's citadel!
The spirit freed, travels th' immortal road
Sublim'd with glory to her new abode:
Something like this, the patriots as in charm
Rise to the music of the drums to arm.
They form, they wheel, they step the martial beat,
Excitement kindling with Prometheian heat.
These the bright names who feel impression young,
Leading the band: The proud horse prance along, 270
Champing the bit while Biays in manhood's prime,
Measures the path as strikes the music's time;
Their burnish'd trappings dazzle on the eye,
Effulgent as the sun's live jewelry.
Next the sage Stricker by himself is seen
Reining his charger, touch'd with lightning keen.
He looks a pillar of a cloud by day
To guide the column in its bright array.
As round he bends his eye, each chief—the whole,
Catch the quick glance which enters to the soul. 280
Mac Donald, Sterret, Barry, Fowler, Long,
Demand the numbers of harmonious song.
Wilmot and Taylor, Barney—free to pour
Their blood, or strike th' aggressors from the shore.
Cheston and Harper,—Stevenson at hand
Of Stricker, prompt to execute command.
Robertson, Spangler, searching for the wreath
That blooms;—Delaney trails the steps of Heath;

Blake, Levering, Frailey, Steiger, Aisquith, Moore—
Sweeting and Foster—the artillery corps, 290
Rul'd by Montgomery, whose honour'd name
With years will brighten on the page of fame.
And Metzgar, Quantril, Donoldson, the tune,
Beat—Saddler's rifles—Brewer and Calhoun.

Three leagues they halt, and, at the sun's decline,
(His chariot wheels descending in the brine.)
The tents whiten the field; the guards around,
Are plac'd to catch the whisper of a sound,
Which might proceed in darkness from a foe
Lurking—their strength and circumstance to know. 300
The time the column was engaged at this,
Stricker the horse sent forward on express:
"Biays, loose the curb—bound rapid to the sea,
And them observe with jealous scrutiny,
Till from the beach they move—then instant back,
That I may plan the method of attack."
Scarce had the order echo'd from the chief,
When with a ready scout Biays fil'd in brief;
An arrow's motion leaping he withdrew,
Twelve furlongs distant from the Point and two. 310

Now as the Albions previous had devis'd,
At day they arm with thoughts uncivilized
The city to consume. Rich they debark,
Each bosom glittering with a royal mark—
The lion stamping on the eagle's head—
Graven in brass, boasting her strength was dead.

Vast as they crowd in martial robes complete,
They seem like flames disgorging from the fleet.
Thousands on thousands crimson all the strand—
To riot, spoil, and conflagrate the land. 320
They camp'd for night. When morn illum'd the east,
Ross mounted, and his regiments address'd:
"Behold this day a festival we keep,
And past privations in oblivion steep!
Ere that the curtain of the night shall fall,
The rampart Lion storms the capital!
Only have we our bayonets to put forth,
And soon their Eagles will be quails of earth!
Three days commencing on the coming even,
Will to the indulgence of the soul be given! 330
Behold the glittering of those lofty spires!
How will they guide to heaven the flickering fires!
The public roofs, strike level with the ground—
No work of taste shall on our rear be found!
Libraries feed the flames!—monuments of art,
Crumble to dust to bring them low at heart.
The pen of history* break—historians bribe,
That none hereafter may the war describe—
Should this be written, Europe might arise
To take deep vengeance for the injuries. 240
"Forward! let each his circumstance make good—
The Eagle's bosom shall be stain'd with blood!"
The rapid music at the word begun,
Their gorgeous streamers brightening in the sun.

Soon as their banners wav'd upon the sphere,
Biays wheel'd—rebounded—thus to Stricker's ear:

* Broken at Washington.

"Lo, they approach! for earth a groaning load—
Crowding beyond the sight, the reaching road.
Loose to the southern gales their flags are given,
Like infant clouds that float along in heaven." 350
He stay'd for no reply, but backward flew,
Jealous to keep them ever in his view.
The veteran chief, to Stevenson his aid,
Turn'd—and this order with expression said:
"Rowel thy charger—to the centre here,
Command the leading warriors to appear."
The youth attended to the accents few,
And past the line with arrowy motion flew;
He gave the summons to the highest grade,
Who without question in true style obey'd. 360
Stricker his orders thus: "At length has come
The time to guard our altars and our home!
"This is the place of each: Montgomery, Long,
And Sterret—plated with defiance strong,
Move in advance; when you the defile* pass,
Thus stand immoveable with feet of brass—
Sterret, your left upon the path† will rest,
Your dexter wing upon the streamlet‡ west.
Long, from the foundering marsh, display your men—
Montgomery, your thunder-brass between. 370
And Fowler, sixty strides on Sterret's rear,
Let your battalions in a line appear.
Mac Donald, in reserve your cohorts, hold,
Refined with courage, purified as gold:

* Long Lane. † At the junction of the roads leading from Baltimore to North Point. ‡ Bear Creek.

You 'll first consolidate the troops in wedge—
I feel to give their sentiments an edge."
The chieftains heard: With promptitude they wheel,
Their every fibre like electric steel;
Th' alignment presently in column squar'd,
As Stricker's mandate had express declar'd. 380
The aged, mounted on his foaming steed,
Cools his chaf'd ardour to a gentle speed.
Lofty and short he prances o'er the ground,
Thickening his steps—he hears the bugle sound!
His passion kindles—eye shows fire!—again
The warrior curbs him with a gentle rein.
On as the veteran moves with motion slow,
The passing zephyrs lift his locks of snow.
Soon as he opposite the music comes,
A shrill salute redoubles from the drums; 390
Thrice swell the peals unbroken in a roll,
Then, silent at a beat;—he breathes his soul:
"Defenders of the soil! Behold this day,
To you 'tis given your virtue to display,
And be remember'd till the stars decay!
A ruthless enemy the land pollutes,
Who by their numbers your defeat computes.
At Hampton's sufferings, bleeding thoughts must rise!
The nameless scene was darkness to the skies!
To spoil our city ravishing they come— 400
Their Vandal torch is lighted to consume!
Your wives, your mothers, and your virgins fair,
Trembling await to learn what souls ye are!
Their charms alluring tempt the wolf-like foe
To seize our lambs and lay their beauty low!

"Let passion's flame burst forth! your weapons wield
Like skilful reapers when they glean the field.
Death will our wounds make good—o'erwhelm the race,
Which multiply their crimes—stamp'd with disgrace
Brightening the savage name! What feel you now? 410
O, feel you not resolv'd their flag to bow?
Yes, I behold the smouldering fire within—
The rising flush indignant—kindling seen,
Yea, broiling on your cheek! Feel not your veins
Burn to advance and meet them on the plains,
And fatal mark them with unearthly stains?
"Each chief his band in battle-line array—
The glorious impulse of your sires display,
And let your deeds immortalize the day!"

* * * * *

Dumb in their place the column gazing stood, 420
Listening to hear his voice:—at length the blood
Reliev'd their crowded hearts—cool reason shone—
They then perceived his eloquence was done:
Thus when the passions are display'd by Booth
In simple grandeur of abiding truth;—
The senses rapt, all circumstance is lost,
While now he freezes with a dying frost;
Or when hot anger kindles in his eye,
It seems its glance would cause the soul to die—
The curtain falls—th' excited audience lean 430
As though they still could see and hear him in the scene!
Like this th' effect—the mind so eager bent,
They scarce believ'd he'd clos'd his argument.
Sensations new their patriotism fir'd—
Ethereal touch, a buoyancy inspir'd.

Strong in the faith of liberty they move,
Their strength, their valour plac'd on heaven above,
That to the spoiling host a judgment they might prove.

By this th' advance that bore the standard-Cross,
Had reach'd a cultur'd valley, led by Ross, 440
Whose orders scath'd the promise of the field—
Biays rein'd his charger—back to Stricker wheel'd:
"At twice three furlongs I beheld the van
Blighting the harvest—future hopes of man;
And, as my courser on return I bent,
I mark'd the torch of fiery element!"
Numbers indignant with strong feelings rose,
Burning intense with myrmidons to close.
The veteran's bosom throbb'd a youthful beat
T' observe the lightning flashing from their heat. 450
He testifies their virtue: "Pride I feel,
To see your nerves with keen sensations thrill;
But, from the lines, six only can descend,
And, with due caution, with th' advance contend:
"Levering and Howard, Aisquith, your rifles,—
Stiles,
With artillery, take the centre files.
Biays, scour with horse the circuit of the plain,
That none in secret may their path profane.
Heath, to your guidance, I the band submit,
That you a name of honour may beget." 460
Their feet with rapidness the way devour,
Feeling each footstep an increase of power.

The golden sheaves consum'd—th' imperials now,
Their march resume, dark passions on their brow.

Full to the city they their course pursue—
But, lo! the Eagle bends upon their view!
  Ross, when he mark'd her wing upon the wind,
Show'd with a leer the workings of his mind:
  "Is that the bird whose eye defies the sun,
This earth too gross for her to gaze upon? 470
But giddy pride is frequent made to fall,
And crave permission in the dust to crawl.
What! does she think the motto of her beak,
Will cause our blood to chill with tameness weak?
She threatens us with arrows! what of them?
Blunted their points;—her starry diadem,
We'll cause to darken in our presence soon—
  "Strike, Britons, strike the battle-kindling tune!
Break,—scath her wings with fire!"

Heath gave the sign— 480
His sabre blazing in sun-light—the line
Of rifles open'd with keen glancing eye,
And Stiles commanded his artillery—
Deep wounds are seen and pale mortality!
  From Aisquith's troop, two youths of feelings high,
Wells and Macomis—martyrs free to die,
Advanc'd with caution, by the shrubberry hid,
To sight with deadly aim upon the head.
  They ken the star upon the breast of Ross,
And the vain bauble of th' imperial cross— 490
They stoop behind the shadow of a rock,
And loose the pivot of th' impetuous lock.
Both at the instant struck the fiery spark—
Both leads flew burning at a fatal mark:

Wells struck the bosom's bone, and bruis'd the spine—
Macomis pierc'd the vitals in a line,
Entering oblique, near where the melt is laid—
It found its exit 'neath the shoulder-blade.
Death's seal is fix'd upon the brow of Ross—
His gilded metal fritters into dross. 500
He falls and mingles with the vulgar dead,
While still unsparing drives the whizzing lead.
The forward legions pause like statutes dumb—
To mark their chief a subject for the tomb.
Swift spread the panic—but th' undaunted Brook
Rush'd with sword brandishing the air, and spoke:
"Why stand ye thus to die? Rise, and the loss
Avenge—Albion's starr'd honour—valiant Ross!
Though cool they meet us with resistance bold,
Yet ere night's curtain shall the earth infold, 510
Our flag shall wave victoriously! The ball,
Wing with the speed of fire their ranks to fall.
Beneath a knitted brow, hard bend the eye—
Proud wave the Cross in style of chivalry."
They rallied, clos'd in heavy phalanx strong,
To whelm the patriots on the plains along.
Scarce liv'd the youths* the sinking chief to view,
When death's pale spectre past their vision flew—
Forth strode revenge and bent them in the dust— 520
Ten glittering bayonets through their hearts were thrust.
Long, long the nation will their names revere,
And o'er their grave, a monument will rear,
Softening the anguish of their mothers' tear,—

* Wells and Macomis.

At first, 'twill burn like drops of molten lead;
But soon the honours render'd to the dead,
Will cause their perturbated souls to yield
Their lovely boys upon the battle-field—
A glorious offering to their country given—
Oblation worthy the regard of heaven! 530

Thus Heath with energy: "Thrice, thrice explode,
Then the spent weapons on retreat reload.
I saw a stately chief bestain'd with gore—
'Twas Ross! I knew him by the badge he wore;
Their ranks recoil'd the moment that he fell!—
Aim with precision every sight to tell.
Let the bead shine deliberate on the mark,
Ere from the flint ye strike the secret spark."

As the last accent from his tongue came forth,
His lofty charger press'd the sanguine earth. 540
He scarce another mounted, when a ball
Glanc'd his left shoulder, brought him to a fall—
But soon the noble animal arose,
And bore his gallant rider to oppose
The strife,—neighing defiance at his foes.

Like planted oaks, Stiles, Aisquith, Levering stand,
And Howard—fearless of the hostile band,
Till thrice their vollies stream'd along the land—
But when the royalists were lock'd again,
The heroes wheel'd, retreating o'er the plain. 550
The fall of Ross was heard from every tongue,
Like victry's anthem in bold chorus sung.

Too long Mac Colloch linger'd on the rear,—
Prostrate he sunk, as Brook was passing near.

A bullet glancing snapped his aged thigh,
Yet still was seen a firmness in his eye,
That show'd he willing for the cause would die!
The Briton, struck with reverence for his years,
Had him conducted by his grenadiers,
Beyond the lines, till leasure should afford 560
To bind his wound, and be to health restor'd.

As Heath receded back, courageous Brook
Heated his arms with battle in his look:
"Flight gives them life!
"Now on their left wing pour
The brazen tubes, and let the mortars roar;
Distant with these we 'll break their solid men—
With rifles fatal aim'd, and muskets, then,
Rupture the heart. Their left we first shall turn—
Inflame the chamber'd dust—th' exploders burn! 570
The deep mouth'd engines answer with a peal,
Which makes the pillars of the shores to reel.

Montgomery's spirit quickens as with fire—
With burning lips he bade the brass expire:
"Brighten the match!—be ready to put forth!
Level—to reap a harvest from the earth.
Behold in air their wild combustion dies!
Not so with us—calmn judgment exercise.
Sight, sight the cannon with an eagle watch,
Then let it feel the sparkle of the match." 580
Scarce the firm mandate echo'd to the brain,
When flames disgorging dash'd along the plain;

Nor empty flames alone, each tube that rung,
Pronounc'd a funeral dirge upon its tongue.
A path was open'd through the columns wide—
But soon the multitude the loss supplied:
  Thus when a ship with all her canvass bent,
Dashes impetuous through the element;
On either hand the waves disparting swell,
And chafe, and foam, and madden round her keel. 590
Before her prow the billows are destroy'd,
But straight the rushing waters fill the void:
  So close they up their files and hide the slain,
Cramp'd—as death grip'd them with convulsive pain.
So deep the wound, it checks their bold career—
Restiff they stand and burn the hollow sphere.

  Stricker the pausing of their flag beheld,
And to the thunder-chief his courser wheel'd:
  "Cease, cease, Montgomery, from eruption cease—
Yield to their standards momentary peace. 600
Anxious the infantry to test their skill
To strike the mark, or plunge the thirsty steel.
Your cool exactness in the day of strife
Will give your name to dwell in future life."
  The sage concluded; the command was done—
In dubious peace was smother'd every gun.
  The meantime Stricker—circumspection clear—
Bounded to Fowler station'd on the rear.
  "This day must reach high destiny! With haste,
File to the left extreme where Long is plac'd. 610
Well can we scan th' intentions of the foe—
His purpose *this*—the left to overthrow."

Fowler, his cohorts at the word, combin'd,
And proudly led them to the post assign'd.
  The same time Stricker to the right wing hied,
And thus to Saddler without preface cried:
  "To yonder cottage with swift trail advance,
And there effect their souls' deliverance."
  Saddler leaps forward with his rifles green—
The veteran with the cannonry is seen, 620
And Stiles he orders thus: "Two guns, detach—
File to the left and ply the quickening match.
Fowler, support."
  Lo, ere his word was done,
Stiles had his march with promptitude begun.
  Now to Montgomery the sage exclaims:
"The right, give succour with artillery flames.
I to the left in person must repair—
The proudest efforts of the Cross are there.
Thy soul is adamant, thy heart is steel'd 630
With honour's breast-plate to defend the field."
  This said; the lines he passes slow along—
Brief and abrupt the language of his tongue:
  "Be firm, stand fast,—be confident in might;
Fear not,—shrink not—watch close the shining sight;
Be pillars, pyramids,—be mountain oaks;
Be steel,—be monuments,—be flint,—be rocks!"
  His calm serenity, voice, gesture, form,
Wake a new feeling to abide the storm—
Like fretted steel their every eye strikes fire, 640
Flashing to day ambition's hot desire.

And now in regal pomp the Britons come
In two divisions, madden'd by the drum;
Their left with Thornton to oppose the right—
With Brook their dexter wing—the opposite.
Brook waves the flag——his infantry displays—
And presently is roll'd the sheeted blaze;—
Stiles opens his thunder—Heath, Fowler, Long,
Deluge with pouring fire the moving throng,
And many a boaster falls with keen repentance stung. 650

Meantime his cohorts, Thornton, heavy, slow,
Moves in vast depth to strike a conquering blow.
But soon Montgom'ry his defenders peals,
Opening the pulsing streams!—the column reels!
Behind the cottage standing on the plain,
It seeks to shelter from the leaden rain—
But death is in the screen! lo, Saddler brave,
With sighted bullets strikes them to the grave:
So when on Mississippi's flood of late,
The Tennessee struck, bilg'd and sunk to fate; 660
The face of heaven was overcast with night,
Save here and there a star of doubtful light.
Uttering a spirit's shriek, some cramp'd and died,
Whilst others desperate grappled with the tide;
Some clung to willows—life a dying spark—
Others exhausted, dropp'd into the dark.
Some with Herculean nerve approach'd the shore,
When lo! the shadow of a plank, an oar,
Deceiv'd their grasp—they catch upon the shade,
And sink, and struggle where cold death is laid: 670

Like this the close-lock'd Britons, to avoid
Montgomery's engines which their ranks destroy'd,
Obliquely fil'd behind the covert small
To gain protection from the driving ball—
But wo-deceiv'd! they find a shadow there,
Which fails and sinks them in a chill despair.
Still obstinate they press, though every wound
Causes fresh gore to blush upon the ground.
And Saddler must recede. Plying the brand,
He burns the cottage and withdraws his band— 680
Re-forms on Sterret's right, and there with eye
Bent on the silver, strikes the enemy.

And now the war extensive through the lines,
Rages—each power its energies combines.
Through tortur'd ether drives a blazing flood
Of pestilence that scaths and burns the blood:
As when imprison'd earthquakes from beneath,
Burst on the elements with kindling breath,
The solid mountains tremble as they rise,
And the vast ocean breaks upon the skies: 690
Thus terrible the scene. The patriot band,
Firm as the pyramids of Egypt stand
Wrapp'd in a cloud of fire. Death fans the blast,
While numbers pale with dying sigh their last.
Fredonians bleeding gasp upon the earth,
But fame shall light them to celestial birth:
The generous Donaldson with polish'd mind,
In science learn'd, with poesy refin'd;
While eloquent encouraging the strife
To guard a bosom'd infant and a wife 700

Free from the stain of the polluting power—
A lead in secret through his vitals tore.
He fell upon the battle-field and found
His rest—a martyr in the cause profound:
  A cedar thus pre-eminent had stood
Above its stateliest brothers of the wood;
A thousand cubits from Kentucky's stream,
It spread its dewy honours in the beam
Of morn new-wak'd in heaven. Deep in the wave,
The waters back its soften'd image gave. 710
Behold the beetling rock by sudden jar
Gives way! it plunges from its height afar.
Its verdant tresses on the rocks are strew'd,
And all its former loveliness subdu'd;
Yet still the odorous oil embalms the tree,
Nor mouldering time can wear it to decay:
  So in the dust the warrior's head is seen,
Yet will his virtues be for ever green,
Which like the cedar's oil will bear his name
To distant years with undiminish'd fame.
  Cheston receives a wound to show till death 720
Blots the proud scar. A bullet drove at Heath
Bruis'd to the skull,—he sunk a moment's time,
But soon he rose with dignity sublime.
  Others immortalizing marks receive,
While numbers anxious for the honour grieve.

For two half hours the brave unbending few
Stand in their place, wasting the foe like dew;
But, lo! on either flank the royals crowd,
And this the veteran proclamates aloud:

"Your arm is thunder-strength! your searching eye 730
Is lightning burning through a tempest sky!
By deeds you 've testified your fathers' nerve
Lives in each fibre! Now with the reserve
Wed and make strong. We 've paralys'd their might
With consternation aw'd! Mac Donald waits the fight:
With him reweld your ranks—to shine like orbs of light!"
Firm, solid, heavy, slow they give the ground,
Oft blazing on retreat a deadly round:
So when a cloud of hail has grimly lower'd,
And lovely nature in its path deflower'd; 740
Behold the north wind dies! The storm retires,
Flashing at intervals its angry fires,
Pealing its thunders with a lumbering note,
Deep grumbling sullen as it rolls remote:
Thus move the warriors in their glory proud,
Like the dark rolling of the fiery cloud.
They join Mac Donald—rivetted, a chain
Of adamantine links to bind the plain.

Meantime indignant the assailants stood,
Muttering revenge to satisfy their blood: 750
As when excited mastiffs tooth a bear,
The shaggy veteran rising from his lair,
Mad riots in their gore. Still the fierce pack
By numbers strengthen'd, slow compel him back
Scour, grim-scowling; yet they (so torn their plight,)
Fear to pursue, but growling in their spite,
Stand licking of their wounds:

So stand at bay
Th' imperial names, not daring to the fray.

* * * * *

Stricker perceiving that their pride was done, 760
With elevated sentiments begun:
"Columbia ever, ever will be free!
Never, no, never will she bend the knee!
With infant strength we 've tam'd the Lion down—
He stands at distance with a reckless frown.
"Back we 'll recede upon the breasted line,
That Smith and Rodgers may the garland twine:
Howard, Singleton, Findlay, Douglass—firm
Rooted, like proud oaks sprung from hardiest germ;
Mac Donald, Stanbury, Foreman and Cobean, 770
Eager to wear th' imperishable green!
'Twill be ungenerous to receive the whole—
No—give the ground and prove the nobler soul!"
They file for marching; at the signal beat,
Waving their flags, victorious they retreat!

During the battle, Cochrane on the beach,
To Percy gave in charge this anxious speech—
(Percy. a man whose bosom never felt
Those tender touches that the feelings melt.)
"Lo, two full hours the din of conflict vast, 780
Hath raging bellow'd an augmenting blast.
I 'm lost in doubt—in wonder at the sound—
I 'd thought ere this the city had been crown'd!
Not small must be the bleeding of our loss—
Fly like a falcon—seek the ear of Ross:

Bid him, his strength no longer to exhaust,
Till Cockburn's navy on the fort shall burst
Early at morrow's dawn;—by dull delay,
'Twas not within our means the present day—
But when the sounding mortars he shall hear, 790
And see with fiery trains the bombs career,
Then in the city with a sudden rush
Enter—their standards in submission, crush."
Percy was mounted ere the word was done—
He speeds his courser with the message on.

* * * * *

Abrupt he curbs! why does his eye look fear?
A stately corse is stretch'd upon its bier!
A chosen troop press'd, stooping with their wo,
Down to the shore are moving of it slow.
"What noted chief you bear away in death?" 800

"Alas! the general fell upon the heath
Leading the onset! Sad, most sad the loss—
No, never shall we find another Ross!"

"Ross! not possible? you meant not so?
What! Ross our arm in war in grave-dust low!
Open—show me the wound!——
"Time fails, for look—
The battle's done!—I must away to Brook.
His name was half a host!"
This said, he rein'd 810
With sinking heart—and soon the horror gain'd.
He stood in silence cramp'd to mark the field—
At length, pride humbled, he his thoughts reveal'd:

"Alas, what dreadful scenes of havoc round!
What potent warriors welter on the ground!
Our brightest star in bloody clouds hath set—
Ross the invincible—the bravest yet
Ever a crosslet grac'd!
"These thoughts are cold—
I bear to Ross—Ross!—alas no more!—but hold, 820
Whilst I the purposes of Cochrane show
To act in concert for a final blow:
"Through want of anchors, cable-springs to form,
'Twas not within our reach the fort to storm,
As was the plan devis'd; but when with light
Glimmers the day-star, all things requisite,
Cockburn will wrap Mac Henry in flame,
And soon reduce it to the royal name;
Then will your army with ambition rise,
And make a finish of the enterprise." 830
Brook in his grief rejoins: "Most sad indeed!
I fear ten hundred dead and wounded bleed!
Not a less number on the plains are strew'd,
And many a stately chief in death-robes glu'd!
Alas! to speak the carnage of the strife,
Pains to the centre feeling of my life!
"Numbers o'erwhelming must their ranks have been,
Though one brigade the only that was seen.
And how they liv'd, is past me to explain—
We fill'd the element with fiery rain; 840
But to the town their losses they convey'd,
Hence we disastrous not a captive made—
None, save this veteran, who, in action first,
Sunk with a fractur'd thigh upon the dust.

It moves my sympathies;—his frosted hairs
Should been his vouchers from a warrior's cares."

"Away that woman's thought!—I 'll make him tell
What strength was their's—the manner that he fell."
Percy approach'd the sage: "Say, silver head!
What news are stirring with the millions dead? 850
Your looks bespeak you from the tomb of late—
On what dark subjects do the dead debate?"

"None that hath sentiment—no generous brave
Will e'er insult the tenants of the grave;
It proves a character devoid of worth
To speak irreverent of the shrouded earth!
"I your expressions but regard as air—
Not worthy notice he who mocks the hair
Bleach'd by hard wintry years. In days gone by,
I with your sires have seen the valiant die. 860
With Wolfe on Abram's Plain I stretch'd this arm—
His *smile* was peace, his *bosom* friendship warm.
By his example, unappall'd I stood—
Yea, and mine eyes beheld him sink in blood!
"Often to me in tenderness he said:
'Mac Colloch, treat the veteran's hoary head
With kind regard, and, to a bleeding foe,
Extend a helping hand and every aid bestow.'
"Such were thy sires! how fallen! how"———
A symbol white, 870
Suppress'd the thought which swell'd his bosom tight.
It bears the sign of peace—behold, his son!
An Esculapian—who to Brook begun;

"Chief of the Albion banner! lo, I bear
This flag to search my father in your care.
His name Mac Colloch—deeply furrow'd, old,
And far beyond his strength, his heart is bold.
In peace he sums the riches of the port*—
But too. too feeble for this last effort.
I fear his locks are matted in his gore— 890
His heavy years are eighty-one and four!"

* * * *

Thunder exploding from the stars in heaven,
Would not a greater, colder wonder given:
It struck e'en Percy with a cowering look—
At length was heard the tenderness of Brook:
"*That* ancient man, fair youth, must be the same—
Description answers both in years and name."
While speaking thus, he pointed to the sage,
Showing respectful reverence to his age.
The son with doubting eye beholds his sire, 900
While Brook and Percy from the scene retire.
"To Cochrane, state, I'll do—I'll urge my best,
When Cockburn storms the Eagle in her nest;
But what may we expect when silver'd men
Like this bleach'd pilgrim in their ranks are seen?
My soul it withers in despairing deep,
Beyond this field, where prime of England sleep.
If bayonets can prevail, the town is mine,
When gold-lac'd sunbeams on the waves shall shine."
The foul-tongu'd Percy mounted at the word; 910
Arriv'd—repeats it to the chief on board;

* Collector.

Cochrane held hard his brows with angry lower,
Like a grim cloud before a midnight shower.

Mean time the youth alighted from his horse,
And thus afflictive open'd the discourse:
"My honour'd father! torturing is the pain
To see thee bleeding on the sanguine plain.
You would not hearken to my mother's tear,
Urging thy stay from scenes of bloodshed here.
Thine arm is young no more. Thy locks of snow 920
Excuse thy service for thy country now."

"My son," (the sire rejoins) "talk not of pain—
To be thus wounded is superior gain.
Yea, every pang that lances from the part,
Binds my lov'd country closer to my heart!
"'Tis true, thy mother weeping smote her breast—
Hung on my neck—alarm'd, convuls'd, distress'd;
Yet loosen'd I her grasp, though bent with years,
While my soul melted in a shower of tears."
"Woman was made in peace—affections kind,—930
Soft and pathetic, flexible her mind;
When man despairs, by misery oppress'd,
Tears drop like dew that makes creation blest!
But mark, my son, where judgment leads the way,
Let not her tenderness thine actions stay—
For should you yield, though sunk with grief o'ercast,
She 'll sure despise you when the danger's past.
"No man to meet the enemy is old,
While his dimm'd vision can their dark behold;

Yes, while his eye can trace their murky shade, 940
Never too old the nation's strength to aid,
Though at the time his aged head were bare,
With scarce a lonely, widow'd, scatter'd hair—
Were his lax'd hand too feeble to sustain
The lightest weapon wielded on the plain,
Yet his sage presence would the young revive,
And prompt them to effect the deeds that live.
"Bandage my wound. And well this heart you know,
While it beats life will beat against a foe."
The skilful youth, directed by his art, 950
With soft emollient soothes the burning smart.
The generous Brook acquits him on parole,
For which the son returns a grateful soul.
They place the veteran on a litter—slow,
Him forth a guard conveys, who kindness know,
Resting at times to wipe his anguish'd brow.
A touching sympathy oft damps their eye—
They reach the camp as night rolls down the sky.

At length the morning gleams through reeking clouds—
A robe of mist the rising sun enshrouds. 960
Pale in the west a dingy bow is bent,
Of rain prelusive ere the day be spent.
As growing twilight hovers doubtful round,
The heavy mortars at the fort resound.
The rockets tinge, careering as they fly,
The breast of ocean with a crimson dye.

Fierce, when th' bombs ascended from the fleet,
The Albions grappl'd their arms—the drummers beat
Spirit from the tune, rising with the fife,
Leading the drums, they breath'd a freshen'd life. 970
They file, they march—their terrors cast behind,
Their flags redundant floating on the wind.
Soon in full prospect of the lines they come—
They halt—they mark the strength;—in silence dumb,
Doubting they stand. Brook, forward with his glass,
Bends to behold a defile, let, or pass
To rush his troops; he notes where Rodgers stands
With lighted matches to consume his bands;
Foreman and Stanbury, Douglass, and Cobean,
And Findley—strength reflected from their mien. 980
The ridgy bayonets o'er the mound appear,
Like ice, which frosted up his heart with fear.
Stricker and Winder hover'd on his right
By Smith's command, to watch his moving might,
Ready, should he upon the lines commence,
T' assail his flank with plunging violence;
Or wheel their Eagle-standards on his rear,
And break his columns with the bayonet-spear.
They look like brewing clouds of thunder nigh,
T' explode the instant he should dare to vie 990
With Smith's defence, where stand the brightest names
Of freedom, yearning to elance the flames,
And smother him with fire, or sacrifice
Their pledg'd existence, should he madly rise,
And reckless urge th' adventurous enterprise.
Brook scans the perils, every hand beset—
And by degrees his storming thoughts abate.

The mettled ardour of his soul gives back—
His heart dies in him thinking of attack:
  Not otherwise a wolf with hunger bold, 1000
Comes rushing forth to leap into the fold;
Each step progressing, sharpens his desire
To bathe his jaws in blood—but, lo! a fire
Glares on his eye!—he snuffs, he stops, he starts,
While terror through his vitals hurls her darts.
Half he recoils, sparks flashing from his teeth—
Hunger half drives him to the flame of death.
He foams with passion, while his lurid eye
Betrays the struggling of his agony:
  So Brook stands doubting to approach the fight, 1010
Till humid darkness draws the veil of night.

  While thus the adverse banners on the land—
Firm the defenders in Mac Henry stand
Buried sublime in silence to behold
The war of Cockburn terrible unfold—
Fix'd they remain like monumental oaks,
With roots hard grappled to the bolted rocks:
Artillery marshall'd in the clouds of heaven,
To rend the oaks with pointed blaze is driven:
The mountain plants unyielding brave its wrath, 1020
Their heads majestic in a fiery bath:
  So the Fredonians daringly maintain
An eye unwinking at the burning main.
  The voice of Armistead flows: "This, *this* the hour
To test the soul—the strength of mental power.
When man is battling to high frenzy wrought,
The funeral bier is driven from his thought;

But when serene he stands and smiles at death,
It proves him more than worthy of the wreath,
Which fame delights to place upon the brow 1030
Of him whose breast is offer'd to the foe!
"Beyond the measure of our reach are they,
Hence, vain our flash, should we the globes assay.
Soon may our caution near them on the tide—
Upward I seem on seraph's wing to ride
To see you stand like pillars on the heath,
When loud the thunder speaks with lightning breath.
Ah, think—O think how honourable to die!
Remember'd ever with a tearful eye—
Cherish'd, embalm'd till gratitude shall fail, 1040
Or over virtue, infamy prevail—"

He scarce had finish'd when a bomb-globe burst
Near a charg'd engine—shiver'd it to dust;
Clagget and Clemm sad perish by the blow,
For whom is shed the briny drops of wo:
Thus on the borders of Patapsco's flood,
Two lofty elms in primal grandeur stood.
The silver stream their thirsty roots supplied
With living waters in its downward glide.
Their sweet buds open'd in the infant spring, 1050
When blithe the swallow twitter'd on the wing.
New rob'd in loveliness they wav'd serene,
The clouds alluring with their foilage green.
The sun's pure gold, when first he gave the day,
Was rich reflected from their leaves at play—
Thus cloth'd in beauty—lo! a sudden flash
Leap'd from a storm in heaven!—with whelming crash,

Bow'd were their heads to earth!———
Thus fell the brave,
And sunk with all their honours in the grave. 1060

Fragment of shell smote Russel on the heel—
The keen sharp anguish caus'd his sight to reel,
And made his bosom like damp marble feel.
The bone was laid all naked to the eye,
Which reach'd the heart and mov'd its sympathy.
Soon was a bandage skilfully applied—
Armistead advis'd him, but he stern denied
To leave his post,—he stood his gun to prove,
Should Cockburn's navy in its distance move;
And by example to inspire his band, 1070
To fall like martyrs, or like patriots stand.

Th' incendiary thinking his report
At length had bent the vigour of the fort,
A token set, the navy to unmoor—
They weigh—sail,—slacken,—anchor near the shore!
The heroes watch'd their movements with a chill—
Expectance shivering—a celestial thrill!
Armistead with utterance press'd: "See! mark—behold,
Their lossen'd sheets before the breeze unfold!
No whisper stir—breathless—be hush'd—be calm, 1080
Or they perhaps may curdle with alarm!
They think, perchance, they 've buried us with dread,
But soon we 'll show the rising of the dead!

"They come—they anchor;—touch!—level—no more!"
The brass like giants in their anger roar.
The flames flash upward like volcanic fires—
The fleet creens on the sea!—blood flows, and man expires:
Thus was Vesuvius muffled for a time,
Accumulating power t' roll sublime
Thunder to heave the universe. At length, 1090
Its prison'd earthquakes rose with deafening strength,
Wielding on high the elements in mirth,
While sulphurous rivers pour'd destruction forth:
Scarce were the hills with less commotion jarr'd,
When the live match the cannonry unbarr'd.

* * * * *

The fleet half broken to their place retire,
And shower the fortress with huge balls of fire.

A sad forebodement hovers o'er the plain—
The swollen clouds descend in torrent rain.
Impervious night seals up the scroll of heaven, 1100
Save the red rockets at Mac Henry driven;
The trains careering as they upward sweep,
Are dire reflected in the dark black deep,
Malignant, fearful like the comet's blaze,
Fixing the eye of mortals with amaze.
The trembling fair ones all—their all forsake,
Whilst the big mortars the deep ocean shake.
A fate uncertain magnifies the vast,
And gives each peal an earthquake-swallowing blast:

Hark! whence this terrible, tremendous sound?
The heavens seem falling to the delug'd ground! 1110
And is the foe at hand?—Mac Henry lost?
Or is the rampart into ruins toss'd?
Dreadful combustion glares upon the sight,
Tinging the city with a doubtful light,
Resembling that which glimmers from the moon,
When struggling in eclipse while ghosts commune—
Touching the forehead with a dubious gleam,
Like ghastly spectres of a madman's dream.
Th' affrighted virgins with distraction fly,
Their shrieks ascending to the suffering sky. 1120
They rend their bosoms to the darkness bare,
And scatter to the wind their loosen'd hair.
The floods unpitying drench their tender limbs—
The whole creation with the deluge swims!

At length to Smith the troublous scene was known,
Which made black midnight startle from her throne;
He sent for Howard, stooping with his age,
And bade him forth their terrors to assuage.
The gray-hair'd warrior, friend to Washington
And Morgan, reach'd the city, and begun: 1130
"Cast back, my children, these appalling fears!
Calm, calm this anguish—stay these scalding tears.
Th' invaders strove to violate the shore,
Where Webster, Newcomb stand,—but floods of gore
Compell'd them to retire!—This wildness calm—
Your brothers guard you from offensive harm.
"Yon fiery rockets wheeling through the sky,
Show the sublime without mortality;

Though to the shrinking sight, it seems that death
At every blast would burn us with his breath, 1140
Yet in Mac Henry, only four with fame
Have fled to heaven upon the circling flame!
"Soon must they seek their safety on the main—
My children, shelter, shelter from the rain!
No Vandal torch will e'er the city burn—
The High Supreme defends us!—To your homes return!"
As when the polar storms tempestuous driven,
Dash chafing billows foaming up to heaven—
Grinding to powder'd dust the granite shores,
Whilst with distress the suffering welkin roars. 1150
At length outspent the howling of the North,
The tempest dies!—the South comes gliding forth,
Borne on the chariot of a silver breeze,
And smooths the surface of the ruffled seas:
So hush'd the tumults of the tender breast,
When Howard gave the promise of their rest.

Cochrane perceiving his attempts were vain,
Bounded to Brook, and thus with hurrying pain:
"England's defence! Alas, we 've come too late,
With lighted torch, the town to *demonstrate;* 1160
Hence with the army to the navy sail,
Whilst every star is cover'd with a veil.
Cockburn is order'd to inflame the air,
To keep engag'd the soil-defenders there."
Brook felt his language true,—and, at the word,
Wheel'd,—made the beach,—embark'd his troops on board,

While Cockburn shook the sphere ;—at early beam,
He left Mac Henry—floated down the stream.

Soon were the clouds dissolv'd,—the mantling red
Hover'd with beauty round the mountain's head. 1170
The plains slow open'd, and reveal'd to light—
The foe departed with the shades of night!

A holy transport swells from tongue to tongue—
Tears of warm rapture gush from old and young;
Wives, husbands, mothers, sisters, brothers press,
Each to his bosom lost in happiness!

ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

A drapery of mist, the Queen of night
Drew round her form, reverting from the sight;
But now, not hearing of the battle loud,
Slow she disrobes her bosom from the cloud.
Alas! what horror doth her light reveal—
The wasted gore runs trickling down the hill:
Death pil'd on death, and broken sword-steels red,
And the pale faces of the warriors dead.
Horse on his rider bleeding;—skull bones bare
Cast back the moonbeams with a hideous glare,
Like that reflected from a spectre's cheek,
Troubling the tombs the rotten dust to seek.
The silver bosom'd daughter of the spheres,
Turns from the scene and veils herself in tears.
Loveliest of heaven! doth sorrow dim thine eye
For human grief, whilst travelling through the sky?
Ah! yes,—I mark affliction on thy brow,
And tear-drops coursing down thy cheeks of snow.
O thou hast touch'd that something in my breast,
That makes me happy even when distress'd!
For man, alas! there's ample cause to mourn—
He falls to dust—ah, never to return!
Though now thy brightness wanes upon decline,
Yet soon thy horns shall fill and glorious shine;
Not so with man—a flower in bloom to-day,
To-morrow faded—mouldering into clay!
And is the grave the all—the last of man—
His strength but weakness and his life a span?
Fair Mourner! tell thy bended suppliant here,
If man exist beyond thy lovely sphere?
If but to feed the grave-yard worms be all
For which he buffets on this tossing ball—
O then more close fold up thy thickening cloud—
Stain it to blackness like the coffin shroud!

But if the soul beatitude shall find,
Bless'd with the rapt fruition of the mind,
Dismuffle from thy veil—pour down thy rays,
And let me ravish'd on thy beauty gaze!

* * * * *

Worship the sign!—the clouds disparted fly!
She looks new burnish'd from the Deity!
Gaze, O ye mortals! bend your eye to heaven—
Behold translation in the symbol given!
Methinks, to greet thy presence, bridal Queen!
Touching their harps, are starry cherubs seen!
The Muse feels soaring on Elijah's fire!
Propitious omen!—man shall not expire!
He like thyself a transient season dies
To shine eternal in the vital skies!

* * * * * *

INDEPENDENCE.

Let deafening cannon peal to heaven—
Their kindled thunders jar the earth—
Lo, *this* the day to glory given—
The day that hail'd a Nation's birth!

Let the full soul from south to north,
Join to proclaim the wondrous day—
Let shouting millions on the *Fourth*,
Shrill to the heavens the news convey!

The theme demands creation's tongue
To bear its swelling chorus high—
The anthem *first* Columbia sung,
And shall be heard till Time shall die!

As blackening whirlwinds edg'd with fire,
Strike terror to the guilty name;
So tyrants *one* by *one* expire,
Consum'd by Freedom's hallow'd flame!

France in her giant strength sprang forth
Arm'd with a spear and truth's bright shield;
And, while she sang her glorious birth,
Wav'd the tri-banner o'er the field!

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FREDONIAD.

CANTO III.

Argument.

Invocation—Description of the celestial regions—The convention of the Immortals at the bower of Heaven—their speeches still farther elucidate the causes of the war.

The scene is laid in heaven. The time is one day.

LONG hath my fancy, on the wing of death,
Pursu'd her darksome way through hell beneath,—
Where, cramp'd with horror, frequent have I stood
Breathless, to mark the scenes of pain and blood;
But now escap'd the regions of despair,
I feel the spirit of the quickening air
To urge me upward with elastic spring,
Beyond the circle of the comet's wing.

Thou, who sustain'st the poet as he climbs,
And the rough passion of his soul sublimes— 10
Giv'st him to walk through nature's boundless road,
To search the place of Deity's abode—
Thou, Muse of Poesy!—O come thou near,
And tune my harp for the celestial sphere;
Distil thy dew upon my bosom now—
Inspire my thoughts with inspiration's glow—
With light effulgent, circumfuse my brow!
Direct my compass from this downward earth
To where the mind receiv'd its wonderous birth.

Give me the touch that none but angels feel— 20
Elysian glories to my soul reveal!
Strengthen—O guide me in my course on high,
And ope the gate of heaven expansive to mine eye!
What strange emotions startle through my soul!
Beyond my sight, earth backward seems to roll!
Before my gaze th' inspiring Genius stands—
She leads the way of heaven with holy hands!
Her touch divine improves my visual ray—
I see, I feel, I breathe immortal day!

Beyond the burning radiance of the sun— 30
Above where stars in dancing circles run;
Careering thence, where fire-wrapp'd angels sing,
Touching the gold of the melodious string—
Distance immense, immeasurably high,
Heaven's gate unfolds a present Deity!

Scenes drawn with beauty's pencil fill the sight,
Where shades in nice gradation touch the light:
Rivers of nectar in abundance flow,
Winding the hills to reach the lake below,—
Replenishing with life the longing roots 40
Of plants that propagate ambrosial fruits,
And gums more choice than those that incense made,
When Aaron prostrate for the people prayed.
Perennial vallies open on the view,
Where rich variety is ever new.
In robes of emerald is the landscape dress'd—
Sweets of elixirty th' affections' feast.
Flowers new with life variegate the scene—
Like gems that deck the the brow of night serene:

Snow-drops, and daffodils, and lotus fair— 50
Carnations, jonquils, crocus, tulips, rare—
The lofty blooms and those that love the ground,
Pour their sweet breaths deliciously around.
Th' ethereal soil in which they smiling grow,
Refines their tints above what earth can know.
The more the curious eye their structure views,
They through the soul more loveliness infuse;
Never they languish, but improving live,
Beyond what man of beauty can conceive.
On zephyr'd hills exuberant groves extend, 60
Down which the streams in glad meanderings bend
Here proudly waves the victor laurel round,
With which the temples of the just are crown'd;
Trees of rich blossom aromatic rise,
Spreading their flower-deck'd bosoms to the skies.
The elm majestic rears its head on high,
Near which the slender aspen trembles by.
Lambs in the vallies innocent are seen,
The honied flowrets cropping o'er the green.
Some graze beside the lions prone in sleep, 70
Others in sportive gambols round them leap;
Pleas'd wake the lions and enjoy the play,
Crouch in the grass, and rampant start away.
With dignity the tiger steps the lawn,
Or in his humour dandles with the fawn.
The kid's wild frolic swells the various bliss—
Young life and beauty in embraces kiss.
In this rich paradise where pleasure reigns,
Birds of rare cadence chant their happy strains—
The shrill-tongu'd lark exulting as he flies, 80
With early song salutes the opening skies.

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The gold canary never checks his notes—
Shrill through the air his breath melodious floats.
The speaking mocking-birds their hymns recite,
And the sweet sparrow twitters with delight.
The linnet, thrush, and nightingale, in turn,
Make the wide heavens with glowing music burn.
At times, one lonely sings his mellowed song,
The others listening to his warbling tongue—
When, lo, an impulse striking on the whole, 90
Their strains seraphic melody the soul.

A lake expands its bosom on the right,
(Seen from th' empyreal bower—majestic height,)
Pure in transparency as heaven-wash'd light.
Nothing to match its beauties can compare—
The touch, creative, stamp'd perfection there.
Swans in their spotless robes adorn its breast,
Whose silver shades beneath their bosoms rest.
With gladness now they row along the lake—
Their moving shadows into fragments break. 100
The proud flamingo follows on the stream,
Rich like an image in a rapturous dream;
Its crimson plumage dazzles like a flame,
Burning in worship to th' eternal name.
The happy swimmers mark the pearls that shine,
And diamond shores of radiancy divine—
The firmament, reflected from below,
With all the wonderous scenes that round about it glow.
Here souls, translated, wash their stains away,
When freed from earth they burst their prisoning clay; 110
With holy thirstings large they drink the wave—
Youth springs immortal from the virtuous grave!

Refin'd, enfranchis'd from the dross of earth,
In sacred form they pour their homage forth.
Clad in the vestures of their God they stand,
With hallow'd censers burning in their hand,
Pure clouds of grateful incense curl on high,
To visit which live rainbows leave the sky;
While the bless'd multitudes on bended knee,
In holy thought adore the Deity. 120

Deep-pouring from the lake a river springs,
In whose bright waters angels dip their wings.
The liquid silver winds through field and grove—
'Tween parted hills, where beauty wakens love.
Its marble channel deck'd with emerald glows,
As smooth the lapsing wave like falling music flows.

Its sloping banks with dewy moss are crown'd,
Such as draws life from heaven's nectareous ground.
Soft as the web that forms the silkworm's nest,
Or down that blossoms on the cygnet's breast. 130
Each colour kissing each harmonious blends,
Like rain-bow arch that round creation bends.
Beyond the moss, flourish for ever green,
Trees where the bird of paradise is seen.
The fruits, reflected in the wave below,
Seem to the eye invertedly to grow,
And heaven's transparencies divinely show.
Myriads of gold and silver fishes play
'Neath the cool shades, or in the dazzling ray.
With nimble fin they rapid dart along— 140
At times, like tiny troops—a beauteous throng,
Marshall'd they move,—and now in files they reach—
Now, shoal together round the diamond beach.

They leap and taste the air—then, diving, swim,—
And then, quick wheeling, o'er the surface skim,
Rippling the unchaf'd waters as they pass—
Shivering the stream—a broken flood of glass;
Birds, trees and fruits, the heavens around that glow,
Like shatter'd fragments in the mirror flow.

On these bless'd fields translated spirits move,
Wrapp'd in th' adoring ecstasy of love;
Here reign immeasurable joys for ever more—
Immense, from sea to sea—from shore to shore.

High o'er this blissful heaven another rolls,
Where seraphs dwell and walk the shining poles,
Or float on rapture circumfus'd in light,
Bordering the Deity—stupendous height!
Respiring large, his breathings exquisite!
At times, they ride in chariots wing'd with flame,
Through fields of space—creation's boundless frame!
At times, in holy rings their hands unite,
And virtuous names to Deity recite;
Then, in conclusion, swell the strain so high,
The anthem echoes through immensity.

Beyond this second heaven—the seraph's clime,
Revolves the *third*, sublime above sublime;
Here dwells the Deity unseen, unknown—
A unit, multitude—and yet alone,—
The centre point—the circle of the whole—
The former of a mite—the breather of the soul!

His outward skirts are curtain'd in a blaze
Of gold, made fire, blinding the worship gaze
Of angels crown'd with tires, unless they fling
Before the solid brilliancy their wing,
Shading the dazzling dark—e'en then the shine,
Bows them with reverence to the Power Divine!
So bright th' effulgence of th' empyreal beam,
A world of suns would midnight darkness seem.
  Thus orb'd in fire, he circles nature round,
Breathing to all vitality profound. 180
When in the Elysium west, he shades his view,
He lines the vault with stars created new,
Which round the universe their paths pursue,—
While bands of angels, on the wings of light,
Repeat soft music to the ear of night.

  Zon'd in effulgence, the Supreme appears—
Forth at his smile, day quickens round the spheres.
The dread magnificence mysterious given,
Bends into worship all the host of heaven.

  The open-bosom'd flowers baptiz'd with dew, 190
Breathe a waste wilderness of odours new,
The humming-bird, inviting, thrill'd with bliss,
Them, to salute with love-delighting kiss.
  A cloud of gorgeous fashion in the east,
Supports an angel-troop, of whom, the least,
Not the whole earth would bear comparison,
Were all its beauty melted into one.
  The paintings of the cloud, a God, unfold—
With which the topaz, ruby, fire-prov'd gold—

The opal, jacinth, emerald, jasper, fair, 200
Are meanly dull their splendours to compare.
Fringes of rainbow light its skirts adorn,
Blending the purity of day new-born.
Soft as it floats upon the silver air,
Inimageable forms divine appear,
Changing exquisite as the cloud in heaven
Changes its folds by breathing Zephyrs driven.
These cloud-wrapp'd angels of the second clime,
At the dread voice of Deity sublime,
Convene th' immortals at the floral bower, 210
When great events hang pending on the hour.

Lo, now a Seraph from the cloud descries
Fredonia at the fount of Paradise;
(Fredonia crown'd celestial at her birth,
The guardian genius of Columbia's earth.)
On vital pinions swift he cleaves his way;
His cheek so fair, it shames the blush of day.
His plumes transparent in the sunbeams shine,
Reflecting far a splendidness divine.
As smooth he floating o'er the empyrean sails, 220
Fanning with gentle wing the yielding gales,
A golden clarion in his right he bears,
Which, when it sounds, his purposes declares.
Soft to his kissing lips the trump he plies,
And, breathing melody as forth he flies,
Touches the soul with nameless ecstasies.
"Ye, crown'd with immortality!—arise!
Fredonia from the earth hath reach'd the skies.
At the gemm'd grotto of the heavenly mount,
Where flows the stream from the Elysian fount, 230

Pensive she sits. With gratulations now,
Greet her return, for heavy is her brow.
Various emotions her soft bosom fill—
Salute, escort her to the bowery hill;
There will the Goddess passing scenes relate—
The weal and wo of Freedom's dubious state."
He breath'd deliciously such melting strains,
They echo'd music through the happy plains.

Forth at the sound, in brilliant troops they move
With grace, that shows their origin above. 240
From different seats of blessedness they rise,
Resplendent virtues dazzling from their eyes—
From lawns profuse of flowers, where pleasure dwells;
From mossy banks, from grottos, echoing dells;
From groves of myrrh, where musing silence strays,
And contemplation all herself surveys;
From the full river, diamond-bounded lake,
Where souls enfranchis'd hear the anthems break.
The sumless numbers moving at the sound,
Would the strain'd efforts of the mind confound. 250
As stars unmultiplied in circles dance
To hallow'd music on the blue expanse,—
As drops of dew the robes of spring adorn,
When infant day with fragrant breath is born,—
As beams of light reflected from a shower,
When three fair rainbows from two mountains tower:
In numbers like to this the bless'd appear,
And fill with splendour the celestial sphere.
Ravish'd in bliss, on buoyancy they tread,
Leaving the dew upon the violet's head. 260

West of the lake, in this bright world divine,
Looms a rich mount, down which gold streamlets shine.
A plain extends upon its summit round,
Where grace and beauty step th' enchanting ground;
Here breathes the bower of heaven with fragrance full,
From which the souls, elect, ambrosial flowrets cull.
Palm trees in negligence of nature stand—
Like stately pillars they enclose the land ;
The spiry-creeping vines their brown trunks wed,
Whose purple clusters gladdening odours shed. 270
To fill the casual vacancies between,
Growths less exalted careless intervene:
The nectarine, the olive, lime and fig,
Round which the woodbine wreathes its modest sprig.
At times the orange spreads its silver leaves,
Through which with truant curl the jasmine weaves.
The spice-tree flourishes divinely fair,
Scattering a cloud of incense through the air.
The rose-vine throws a beauty o'er the scene,
Its flowers expanding mid the foliage green. 280
Down from the lofty palms, in loose array,
Festoons depend, where bees their pastime play;
And humming-birds, too delicate to light,
Sip the aroma lovely to the sight.
Four cedars to the north affect the skies,—
Two rainbow arches from their summits rise,
Caus'd by the dew exhaling from each flower,
Which forms a spacious entrance to the bower.
Its charms within, a harmony excite—
Through quivering leaves descends the dancing light. 290
A verdant carpet round the floor is spread,
On which th' Empyreals without foot-print tread—

Compos'd of tender turf, with flowers bestrown,
Scatter'd with wildness by the hand unknown.
A various charm to every sense is given,
Presenting beauty to the eye of heaven.
  Seats, gold with diamond edg'd, are circling plac'd,
Looking towards the south. A rostrum grac'd
With matchless workmanship, commands the view—
Its just proportions strike with wonder new. 300
When heaven's dread synod in convention meet,
The pensive Goddess occupies the seat.
  On thirteen pillars it majestic stands,
The choicest labour of perfective hands,
Of gems more precious than frail man beheld,
While more than half their splendours are conceal'd:
  First the cornelian with a roseate eye,
With which the colours of the topaz vie.
A tender green is to the beryl given;
The sapphire imitates cerulean heaven. 310
The unstained crystal pours a radiance bright,
And next in order is the chrysolite.
The amethyst with modest violet glows,
Through which the amber of the jacinth flows.
The virgin ruby blushes in its face—
The emerald flourishing as spring-time grace.
The sardine's beauty melts upon the sight;
The polish'd marble varies with delight.
Brilliant the diamond burns with quenchless ray,
Pouring afar the splendidness of day. 320
  On these rich pillars is the rostrum seen,
Fashioned of gold, inlaid with gems serene.
Silver the steps, reflecting as they rise
A light that adds a charm to Paradise.

Pearl is the floor, smooth as a crystal sea,
Where heaven is pictur'd in its symmetry.
  Full on its front, by beauty is engrav'd
An eagle, lightning-ey'd with pinions wav'd.
His dexter claw the sacred olive holds,
His left the pointed arrows strong infolds: 330
Sceptres and crowns lie broke, his feet beneath,
While royal trappings blaze before his breath.
A galaxy of stars illumes his head,
Whose beams divergent dazzle as they spread.

  Now, on those plains that join th' immortal hill,
From whence meanders many a cascade rill,
The host celestial congregating meet
With looks that show their happiness complete;
Smiles play in ringlets dimpling round their cheek—
Eyes glancing rapture, of the soul bespeak. 340
  In radiant files admiringly they move,
Leaving the vale to reach the mountain grove.
Fredonia habited in robes divine,
Leads with smooth step the consecrated line;
Her snowy right sustains a cap and spear,
The verdant olives in her left appear.
On as she glides like music touch'd with grace,
Love's roseate blushes paradise her face.
  Next Independence dignified moves forth,
His fashion vigorous, though of heaven his birth. 350
His full-arch'd bosom partial is revealed—
He bears a feather'd arrow, bow and shield.
  Justice advances with unchanging mien,
Sedate, majestic, yet not unserene.
His hand sustains a sword of diamond pure,—
His righteous judgments like its edge endure.

Mild temperance sheds a gladness o'er the plain,
Delight and health are smiling in her train;
Their steps, so buoyant, scarce the flow'rets press, 360
Their eyes receiving and returning bliss.
Industry, blushing like the risen morn,
Is grac'd with harvest-hook and golden corn;
Sweet-eyed Contentment in her hand she leads,
As gay she trips it o'er the laughing meads.
Then Patriotism, mark'd with port sublime
And step unwavering, treads th' Elysian clime.
A garland laurel wove, his temples bear;
His eye looks future with a pondering air.
All *self* is rooted from each inward part—
A beam of honour burns upon his heart. 370
The goddess Victory supports a shield,
Flashing a dazzling brilliance o'er the field.
She moves direct where Patriotism shows—
A star-crown'd phœnix stands upon her brows.
With holy Love soft Charity combines,
Around whose neck a smiling cherub twines:
The sweetest odours to her breath are given—
Her heart is tender as the thoughts of heaven.
With feet in cadency moves gentle Peace,
Without whose presence heaven would lose its grace; 380
Robes wrought by Deity her limbs infold,
Whilst round her curl bright rainbows fringed with gold.
Next soul-enrapturing Hope is blithesome seen,
On playful tiptoe dancing o'er the green:
Flowers bloom full-bosom'd where she prints her tread,
While pictur'd visions glitter round her head.
Other high virtues wonderful appear,
Beyond conception of earth's grovelling sphere.

These having pass'd,—translated souls glide forth,
Who bless'd mankind what time they dwelt on earth; 3
Wash'd in the purifying streams above,
Half veil'd in radiance to the bower they move.
First of the circle Washington appears,
Whose august virtue the full heaven reveres.
Crouchant the lion stoops with humbled eye—
An eagle greets him from sublimity.
With golden clarions seraphim proclaim:
"Behold a mortal of immortal name!"
Montgomery next approaching wins the sight,
Serenely mild as evening's mellow light. 4
His temples stars with radiancy adorn,
Pure as creation at her birth-day morn.
Warren deep blushes with the glow of youth—
His heart beat vital in the cause of truth.
Wrapp'd in the beams new-burnish'd from on high,
His bosom feels a throbbing ecstasy.
With kindred likeness of an angel's mien,
The next advancing is the potent Greene.
Laurels, the growth of heaven, his brows surround—
His eyes flash victory with look profound. 4
Knox, Lincoln, Sumpter, Marion, Clinton, Wayne,
Reid, Otis, Laurens, mingle in the train—
Mercer and Woodster, Sterling—names of light—
Nash, Morgan, Chase, Pulaski, bless the sight—
Putnam and Prescott, Pomeroy—Bunker's Height!!
Franklin appears with wisdom in his form,
Whose arm had tam'd the lightnings of the storm.
E'en Virtue's self receives a brighter shine
From the dread presence of the man divine.

Hancock and Adams next engage the view, 420
Clad with the righteousness of honour new.
By their high deeds a tyrant throne was riven,
For which they triumph on the plains of heaven.
These patriots having pass'd, th' illustrious Jay
Glides without effort o'er the flowery way.
While in the prisonment of flesh he dwelt,
He the sharp tooth of rancorous faction felt:
But now he walks in pristine glory forth,—
Spotless his robes expressive of his worth.
Next Henry lone is seen—pillar of light— 430
He broke the darkness of tyrannic night.
His voice spoke thunder to an iron throne,
And made the holy cause of freedom known.
A halo burning round his front appears—
His tongue inspir'd, gave answer to the spheres.
Nor shall the muse forget thy memory, Ames!
Thy voice was richer than a poet's dreams!
The flint in marble hearts was soft as snow,
When the sweet honey from thy lips did flow—
Thy name brings back the years for ever gone, 440
When Friendship bless'd me with thine elder son—
When round our brows Hope pour'd her gladdening ray—
When young Ambition gave the pulse its play,
And golden pleasures stole the hours away!
Thy name with his shall dwell upon my heart,
Till in my bosom Death shall thrust his dart.

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Now two illustrious sons of epic song
Are heard to sing with transport on their tongue.
Barlow's soft numbers flow with smooth delight,
Him, sweetly answering, swells harmonious Dwight. 450

When poet's lightning burnt within their breast,
They felt a feeling never yet express'd;
They rode the thunder-clouds when black with war,
Or held sweet converse with each social star—
The comets, visited, in fiery robes—
Worlds above worlds—revolving globes on globes;—
Or when to earth they bent their lofty wing,
They trac'd the gushing of the limpid spring,
Feeding the flow'rets of the meadows gay,
The grass-spears starting in their bright array 460
Clustering around; the dews upon the stem—
The jewelry in nature's diadem,
Dancing in bliss; the butterfly, the mite,
Of curious plumage, would their minds excite.
And then impatient would they glance to heaven,—
At length fruition to their souls is given.
West passes next—the child of nature true,—
Under whose touch the living features grew.
Why from thy bosom'd country, didst thou roam?
Was not thy genius honour'd—priz'd at home? 470
Forbear the theme: from earth enfranchis'd now,
With pencils dipp'd in heaven thy vast conceptions show.
West is succeeded in the train by Rush—
Whose cheek made youthful glows with starry blush.
Perfective wisdom stamp'd his every plan—
Unspotted virtue sanctified the man.
In him, the widow and the orphan found
A husband, father, for their anguish'd wound.
His country's glory was the polar beam,
That cheer'd his soul on life's tempestuous stream. 480
He met disease and foil'd him of his dart—
Pain and Despair forsook the struggling heart.

Death trembled at his coming—withering fled—
The dying rose and bless'd his hoary head.
Lo, now he basks beneath the beams of love,
Freed, through death's portal, to the courts above.
  The eagle soul of Rittenhouse appears,
Whose winkless eye observ'd the flaming spheres.
Live at his touch a universe sprang forth—
To spaceless worlds he gave a second birth. 480
  Godfrey and Fulton, wedded hand in hand,
With eye of science, ken the wonderous land;
That with his quadrant had revers'd the sun,
And taught the mariner his course to run;
This with expansive vapour urg'd the ship,
In stern defiance of th' opposing deep.
  What patriot heart can hear of Whitney's name,
And feel no passion in his bosom flame
To hail the man, whose mental powers unfurl'd
Th' ingenious art, by which is cloth'd the world! 490
He from the cotton sifted out the seed,
Which gives him title to poetic meed.
  Columbus follows next by millions blest—
Three ships in miniature adorn his breast.
A burning star illuminates his brow,
With rays resplendent thirty points and two.
  O how ungrateful to purloin thy fame,
And give thy glory to another's name!
Lo, for a *world*, the earth but dungeons gave!
But heaven is just—rewards beyond the grave. 500
  Others innumerous glide upon their rear,
Fine arts and science in their looks appear—
Themes that delight in the celestial sphere.

Bath'd in the streams of life no mortal mind
Can scan their joys with sacredness refin'd:
Conceive perfection pure as hallow'd light—
Think of thrill'd ecstasy, beyond delight—
Wind the soul's fancy till it feels a press—
An holy shivering with its happiness—
Beyond impassion'd thought their raptures tower— 510
As earth is distant from Creative Power!

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But who is this initiated now?
Wisdom and eloquence adorn his brow!
A brilliant halo round his temple plays—
He seems bewilder'd in a tranceful maze.—
'Tis Pinckney smiling o'er death! whose tongue
Made the heart play as if with music strung—
The aged felt their languid veins beat young.
Th' empyreal train with measur'd step proceed,
Winding the mountain where the flower-bees feed. 520
Through paths with manna sprinkled, smooth they rise,
Ravish'd, impress'd with holy sympathies.
Myrtles profuse their odours breathe around—
Th' immortal amaranth delights the ground.
Roses unfold their bosoms to the day,
And all their sweets without a thorn display.
On every side infantile spirits move,
Whose dimpling features smile the smile of love.
Their dove-like wings exuberant charms unfold,
Dipp'd in the rainbow, edg'd with melted gold, 530
Some, harps self tun'd,—some, timbrels, bear in hand,
Whose notes of symphony the soul command.
Light as their fingers kiss the trembling strings,
Each voice an anthem voluntary sings—

So pasing sweet the music floats around,
The flow'rets new with life lean forward to the sound.

At length they enter in the bowery grove,
Fill'd with the fragrancy of heaven above.
To golden seats in circles they repair—
The goddess elevated, shows an air 540
Serenely tender, that reveals her breast
With some concernment heavily depress'd.
Now Justice dignified extends his hand—
The music dies of the infantile band:
Their wings expanding wave with motion light,
Reflecting beauties that surprise the sight;
Their blushing feet on palms and olives rest,
While love's soft breathings nestle in their breast.

The music hush'd—Fredonia rises now,
A wreath of graces curling round her brow. 550
Transparent colours in her cheeks unite,
The opening rose, the lily's virgin white.
With voice attun'd to a delicious note,
Sweet through the bower her words harmonious float.
" Ye heaven-translated of the world above—
Feasting unsated on ambrosial love!
Mine eyes are swimming in a tide of bliss
To greet you here from scenes of bitterness.
" For twice ten summers from these bowers I've stray'd,
And the full earth through all its parts survey'd— 560
Its passion, scan'd with scrutinizing eye,
Tracing the progress of its liberty.
" Alas! there's none of the terrestial sphere,
That the invitings of my voice would hear.

Round Afric's shores a slaving ignorance reigns,
And superstition crimsons Asia's plains.
Yet hope appears to waken like a dream
On Egypt's Nile—a faint, a flickering gleam,
Returning like a star for ages hid
Behind the shadow of her pyramid. 570
Ancient Byzantium also seems to feel
Some stirring impulse for the general weal.
Europea's offspring makes a specious show,
As if the boon of liberty they know;
But all their knowledge is a sounding name—
They groan oppress'd with tyrant power the same.
Vain splendour forms the worship of their souls,
Which the free impulse of the heart controls.
What now their hopes, the highest satisfies,
Is tinsel wealth and things of butterflies. 580
" No evil, greater, can a state befall,
Then bow and worship at a monarch's call—
An easy task to profligate the *one*,
The subjects follow, and how soon undone!
" I for a time, inviting struck my lyre
On the green borders of the Seine, and Loire.
The Franks, transported with the glorious theme,
Sung swelling anthems o'er each happy stream;
But soon grim Anarchy appear'd and fill'd
The heart with rancour, which the affections chill'd. 590
Son met his father, reckless of his years—
The rivers burst their banks with blood and tears;
With aching bosom from the land I flew,
Unable to behold the bleeding view.
" From this dread scene I pass'd to Erin's plain—
But round her shores I tun'd her harp in vain.

The notes at first were soothing to her heart,
And ne'er, O never did I think to part.
Behold, a prowling Lion check'd the strain!
I left her tearful, stooping o'er the main." 600

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Her bosom trembled—she let fall a tear—
More lucid drop than that—(the morning clear)
Which hangs suspended from a leaf's extreme,
A beauteous mirror for the orient beam.

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The cherubs fill the pause with melting song—
The weeping numbers sighing they prolong;
Their voice uniting with their harps, so faint,
And yet so tender the soul-moving plaint,
The glorious synod languish while they feel
A something holy, that no words reveal. 610
The anthem clos'd—the subject she pursues,
Her blue eyes floating in the trembling dews;
"From the Green-Isle I pass'd the western tide,
The sweet ey'd star of evening was my guide.
I met Columbia,—and with transport soon,
I warm'd her heart with Freedom's lofty tune."
Lo, at the mention of her sacred name,
The sainted patriots felt a hallow'd flame
Glow in their bosoms, and with impulse strong
They pour'd their gushing rapture from their tongue: 620
"Hail! Hail! All Hail! Columbia, ever be
Cemented and abide in Liberty!"
The voice of heaven proceeds: "Each object thrill'd
My heart with gladness as my course I held,
To me an offering of bright flowers they strew'd
Through cities throng'd or vales of solitude.

They bless'd the names who stemm'd corruption's flood—
All felt their freedom purchas'd, was with blood.
The temple which to me you there uprear'd,
Was still exalted, honour'd and rever'd. 630
Peace o'er the land her gentle doves display'd—
No jars intestine shook their faith dismay'd.
Joys circled joys on buoyant tiptoe round—
The vallies bloom'd with life by Plenty crown'd,
Each soul breath'd valour—generous every heart—
Substantial virtues strengthen'd every part.
Their voices shrill, re-echo'd to my lyre,
Which warm'd their feelings with a kindling fire.
"But language cannot speak what sad I fear'd,
When forth from hell two hideous fiends appear'd— 640
Avarice! fell Luxury!—from Albion's Isle,
They brought the bane Columbia to defile.

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"Now wings of gaudy insects charm their sight,
Music of gold is transport, exquisite.
Th' invading poison circulates around—
No real virtue consecrates the ground.
Agents entrusted with the people's power,
E'en should it be but for a transient hour—
That hour they sacrifice to bitter feud,
And not devote it to the public good. 650
False they exclaim against deceptive wiles,
Though at the time, with artificial smiles,
They rob the people of their rights—connive
At wickedness, that they themselves may thrive.
To cover o'er their art, their tongues are loud,
My name to publish to the listening crowd.

"I turned disgusted from the darkening scene,
And rose to heaven this consult to convene,
That you th' afflicting circumstance might hear,
And learn the deepness of its character. 660
"Fame I instructed to abide on earth,
T' attend th' events, momentous passing forth.
Unseen she stood within the hall of state,
To hear the manner of their full debate."
She pauses, damp'd with tears—her bosom heaves
With deep concernment, while the synod grieves.
In her soft breast, such passions habit there,
Her tongue refuses farther to declare.
She waves to Independence on the right,
That he should rise—the painful theme recite. 670
(He from the earth had late advanc'd his way,
To join th' Immortals in their bright array.)
"And must I sad the circumstance unfold—
The icy truth? Columbia kneels to gold!
The plotting Fiend devotes his every hour
To bow her sons beneath a kingly power—
To bar Fredonia from the land away,
And govern earth with a despotic sway.
No method, art, device, will be untried,
That on their necks audacious he may ride. 680
Discord triumphant thunders round her shores—
At every stride his voice augmenting roars.
To break their union's chain his hopeful plan,
To grasp the nation in his withering span.
"The hardy virtues of their sires have fled—
They yield the liberty for which they bled:
Tamely they suffer Britain to excite
Th' unsparing savage to the murderous rite;

T' emission spies to watch their weaker part,
And thus stab Freedom secret at the heart; 690
To bar their traversing the ocean free,
Unless to her they price the liberty!*
To smite their vessels through an envious pride,
While on their own bright waters they abide;
T' *impress* their bosom'd offspring in their fleets,
Where Cruelty his poison'd dagger whets—
Where Mercy faints,—where Faith and Hope expire,
And all the virtues weepingly retire—
To starve— to scourge—"
His utterance was suppress'd 700
By scenes of blood that labour'd in his breast.
Unconscious tears are seen in every eye,
Expressive of the soul's deep sympathy—
Such tears as to immortal eyes are given,
Pure as the droppings from a rainbow'd heaven.

In holy sorrow Washington arose—
Thus the sad fulness of his bosom flows:
"Frequent my heart hath been oppress'd with fears,
That, for my country I should shed these tears;
Long ere my soul bade farewell to the earth, 710
I saw these monsters through the land stride forth—
Avarice, at times, uprear'd his feverish head,
And sliding Luxury, from the ocean fed.
"When late I fill'd the presidential seat,
Britannia strove to bind us with her fleet,—
Our Eagle free upon the seas, debas'd—
A stain indelible,—our name, disgrac'd—

* Transit duty.

Tore our defenceless mariners from home—
Their slavery fix'd—irremeable doom!
"Columbia wept in bitterness of wo, 720
In friendship's mask to find a treacherous foe.
Rous'd by injustice, I address'd her throne,
And firm in purpose, made the grievance known.
With seeming truth, in promise, she complied—
Yet I but partial on her faith relied.
Where interest leads, her promises are vain—
Revenge and malice in her councils reign.
"But O reveal—is Freedom's virtue gone?
Is all the sense of right and honour done?
Are all the worthies whom I left behind 730
Bent on the knee—to infamy consign'd?
Alas, the theme!—Of Jefferson, O say—
And hath his virtue gone the slippery way?
Pickering, Monroe, Scott, Shelby, Madison,
Within whose veins a bold resistance run?
Floyd, Gerry, Sullivan, Heath, Stark, and King,
Who ever to thy name did incense bring?
Pearce, Dearborn, Eustis, Carroll, Macon, Strong,
That shouted liberty in choral song?
"And O inform me of that virtuous Frank, 740
Who scorn'd his princely birth, and join'd the rank
With those for freedom toiling—Lafayette—
Who oft in battle made his sword-steel wet
With blood of tyranny—whose soul stood high
To give to man his boon of liberty."
He sat: Fredonia with sweet breath began,
While melting passion through her features ran:
"Son of my bosom,—matchless heir of heaven!
The songs of angels to thy worth are given!

What transport should I feel could I relate, 750
That all stood lofty as of ancient date!
But by the arts and cunning wiles of hell,
Against their country many sad rebel—
Wither'd their laurels—blotted out their fame,
Pleading for Albion in her cruel claim!
"Their names I'll mention not, 'twould wound your ear
To learn how lost their former character."
A murmuring deep of indignation rose,
To hear that numbers treacherous should oppose
Celestial liberty—plead tyrant laws, 760
And heap disgrace upon the nation's cause.
But soon she gave them peace: What though this loss?
A host stand purified from slaving dross:
" Gerry a pillar of the state remains,
And Sullivan his dignity sustains,
Stark and the veteran Pearce adhere to truth—
New burnishing the glory of their youth.
Never will Shelby, Eustis, be forgot,
Nor Macon sage in years, nor dauntless Scott.
Dearborn the scales of even justice holds, 770
And all his virtues for the cause unfolds.
Monroe, ingrafted with his country's name,
Contends her rights unshaken and the same.
" Great Jefferson demands of heaven its praise—
I've bound his temples with the civic bays!
He ruled the nation with a sage-like skill,
When faction's voice was heard from every hill.
Around his brows will clustering honours twine,
Till full of years he gains this world divine.
" The ancient Carroll and the hoary Floyd, 780
Who were thy colleagues when thine arms destroy'd

The claims of hard oppression in the east,
And Independence shouted in the west—
Stand in uprightness as in former day,
And grow in virtue as their heads grow gray.
" And, ah! what bosom ever can forget
The nameless virtues of the good Fayette?
A star of promise, he in youth appear'd,
Whose holy light the breast of sages cheer'd;
In age, a pillar of a cloud by day 790
To guide the pilgrim-wanderers on their way,
Searching the mountain-grove where Freedom dwells
To wave her standard on a thousand hills!
" The bane of tyrants he exalted lives.
While from each patriot, reverence he receives,
Pure as devotions of the prophets old,
When they the purpose of their God foretold!
* * * * * * * * *
" Now the Republic hearkens to the voice
Of Madison—its free elective choice.
His fame unsullied ever will abide, 800
While spotless worth shall character decide.
" An host of others I could mention now,
Whose upright knee will ne'er to luxury bow—
Who from oppression ever will be free,
Or die the martyrs of their liberty!"
Thrill'd with her voice the cherubs struck the lyre—
The souls translated kindled with the fire,
They sang: " Columbia, let thy name be free,
Or die the martyr of thy liberty!"

The chorus ended, Franklin rising speaks, 810
Celestial wisdom flushing o'er his cheeks:

"Freedom's Divinity! None shall despoil
Thy hallow'd temple!—sudden will recoil
Their arts, and hide them from the virtuous eye,
Or only thought of to their infamy.
Yet 'tis most grievous to behold the band
Loosen'd from hell to desolate the land:
But still a galaxy of names appear,
Whose steel-bound joints will never stoop to fear.
In these I rest my hopes—they'll hold the cause 820
Of right and justice, liberty and laws.
The subject never from their minds will fade,
Till haughty Britain is repentant made.
They've borne her cruel tyrannies too long—
Ere *this* with steel should they have search'd the wrong.
Yet will the Eagle in her strength arise,
And swell her pinions in remotest skies—
Beneath her wing, the lion lap the dust—
Justice will speak, and speak the cause is just."
His language touch'd the soul's ecstatic chord— 830
Their every eye was brighten'd at each word.

Justice express'd his thoughts: "Yes, I decree
Their cause is just, and Albion bends the knee!
"Long hath thy breast with anxious cares been riven,
Clouded, then brighten'd, then to darkness given—
Pain hast thou suffer'd, such as heaven can feel,
To mark thy children their destruction seal.
Thy tender heart felt pressure on the earth
To see the agency of hell stride forth—
Plotting the mind's uprightness to debase, 840
And bring the dress of virtue in disgrace.
"But the glad promises that Franklin spoke,

Nothing—no particle shall e'er be broke;
No, never shall thy sons, Fredonia, bow,
To civil discord, or Britannia's brow.
Fix'd is my word—unalter'd my decree—
Victorious shall Columbia bound the sea;
And after various struggles on the land,
No hostile footstep shall imprint the sand.
" Yes, Jefferson—how precious is his name! 850
My tongue delights to dwell upon the theme!
The elder Adams also has my care—
He stood for Freedom with his bosom bare.
His mind is as the star that gilds the north—
Unchang'd its brilliance since its day of birth.
" Lo, I this honour to their worth decree—
That they upon the nation's Jubilee,
Shall be translated from the mortal sphere
T' embrace their Washington and Franklin here."
A song of triumph pour'd from every tongue— 860
With loud hosannas the empyrean rung;
Great was the joy—it overflow'd the breast,
That Freedom's Jubilee should make them bless'd.

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Justice proceeds. Fame enters soon the bower,
To bear the word that humbles Albion's power.
" Yet such is man, clogg'd in the vale below,
He first must *feel* before he'll virtue know.
In vain that Washington with tears impress'd
His *Farewell Blessing* on his country's breast—
In which he urg'd them to avoid the fiend, 870
Who in a borrow'd guise assum'd the friend;
The factious ever, ever to abjure;
By every mean their Union to secure—

"As guileful agents strive to bend them down,
And make them slaving subjects of a crown,
Hence, heaven should only for a time be hid, 940
Till they experience what their fathers did;
Or like a ring of adamant they join
Solid in one and cramp the foe's design—
Then thou, Fredonia, shouldst from this depart,
And with thy virtues animate their heart—
Drive back grim Discord howling from the soil,
And all the darkness on the Fiend recoil.
"Till then, no succour from thine arm be given,
But jealous mark them from the wall of heaven."
He paus'd.—None rising, Justice hails the vote—
When all, with hand upon the breast, assent denote, 950
At sound of infant harps th' empyreals rise—
Stars new created brightening o'er the skies.
In happy troops on buoyancy they float,
While in rapt ecstasy they strike the note,
That thrills, and burns with inspiration high,
And bears them upward to the Deity.

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